# THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

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*For the Evening Fire-side.*

### THE PHILANTHROPIST: NO. XIII.

"It is in vain that ye haste to rise so early and so take rest and eat the bread of carefulness."

PSALMS.

The folly of devoting every moment of ne, to the acquisition of wealth, in exclun of mental improvement, has afforded every age of the world a just subject of clamation; and though it is to be regretl that the fascinating influence of wealth, ll retains too great a predominancy over e great bulk of mankind; yet the PHIANTHROPIST has cause to rejoice, that a re general emancipation of the mind from t tyranny, which has too long fettered volitions, is gradually progressing. No ger enshrined within the mysteries of sustition—*the holy principles of our religion*, operating with reason, will powerfully the work of intellectual freedom, and doubt not, will eventually consummate period when virtue and knowledge insically the same, will be the only remendation of man to his fellow man: t on the faithful exertions of the votaries science, much also must necessarily dend.

To inculcate the inefficacy of *wealth* in promotion of happiness, to those who m their cradles have been taught to adore would be indeed a hard, and perhaps a itless task, but on the young and uncominated mind, the attempt would unubtedly be crowned with a more happy ult. The youth trained in the school of dom, and conversant in her maxims, uld consider riches in its proper point of w, a servant useful in his sphere, a bless truly great, when kept in subservien—but operating as a paralytic curse upon ry noble sentiment of the mind, if sufed to usurp the mastery of the affections.

The motto with which I have honored the present essay, was the language of the pious and enlightened author of the Psalms; in addressing himself to those, who by an accumulation of wealth, had indeed only heaped unto themselves a treasure of sorrows; and to this day it remains equally applicable to that spirit of aggrandizement, which seeks to enrich itself with a wealth, merely nominal, because useless, or uselessly employed, while the store-house of the mind is suffered to exhibit a sad vacuity. Of those infatuated ones it may truly be said, "It is in vain that ye haste to rise so early, and so late; take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness:"—for man though clogged with mortal form, is in reality an intellectual being, his pleasures must result from a conformity of his actions with that divine capacity, or they merit not the term of pleasures, so trivial are all sensual enjoyments! so short of meeting the beneficent designs of the Universal Architect!—who "created us in his own image," and in the approximation of whose virtues, we shall only find that true and permanent happiness, which under different appearances, resulting from the more enlarged or contracted visions of mankind, all aspire to possess. How palpably absurd, must it then appear to every ingenious mind, to make riches and its attendant honours, the primary object of our wishes—the idol of our affections! How criminal in the eyes of a pure Divinity, this perversion of his wise designs!

It therefore becomes an important duty of the PHILANTHROPIST, in seeking the happiness of his fellow mortals, to embrace every opportunity which offers, in order to impress upon them a correct estimation of riches; to abstract their attention from its too great allurements, and direct them to the cultivation of the intellectual garden—"Whose flowers will never fade, whose fruits will ne'er decay." Here an invaluable treasure will open to them, of which all the vicissitudes, to which life is subject, cannot possibly divest them; and in the close of their earthly probation, when the infirmities of age encompass them round about, a pleasing serenity of mind will be their portion; the result of their enlarged and animating views of "nature, and of nature's God," and of the consoling retrospect that their pursuits have been conformable to his wise designs.

Contrasted with this, how ungrateful the picture of the miserable wretch, whose age of decrepitude exhibits no medium of alloy, whose wealth and long train of attending vanities, once rejoiced his sensual soul, but now shrink into *nothing*—still clinging to them as his only support, yet confessing they are but a shadow; his mind only sensible to ennui and dispair, his views of futurity contracted and gloomy—*to him* life is a burden, and the anticipation of death, dreadful in the extreme!

Such is the closing period of the hapless child of avarice, "the vigor of whose days" were truly spent "in vain:" it is a sketch which I fear the warmth of fancy has not overcharged, but in the confirmation of which, many, too many unhappy evidences might be adduced. Let then the youth of liberal talents and noble principles, be more especially admonished, to cultivate those endowments, and seek only riches to make them subservient to those wiser purposes. Thus while he can equally derive the comforts of life from their possession, he can bear a deprivation of them with philosophic calmness, for he yet retains within himself a treasure, which "neither moths can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal;"—in the cultivation of which, though clouds lower round him, and seem to fix his destiny in sadness, he feels the insignificancy of all these things, he deems them as trifles, not worthy a comparison with the inexhaustible riches of science, and embracing in his comprehensive mind an *eternity:* he learns justly to appreciate the value of all perishable acquirements.

M.

*For the Evening Fire-side.*

## TO FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship! thou soother of the soul,
Whose power divine I own,
Assist me with thy mild controul
And mount thy vacant throne.

When sick'ning fancy shudd'ring turns
Her eyes from prospects drear,
Thy flame with greater influence burns,
Unquench'd by sorrow's tear.

We all are doom'd to taste of woe
While pilgrims here we rove,
The stream of anguish still must flow
As sorrow bids, or love.

From love what joy or grief proceeds,
As fortune frowns or smiles;
Now the fond heart despairing bleeds,
Now follows fancy's wiles.

The fickle fair one, proud of power,
Sports with her lover's heart,
Changes with every passing hour,
And laughs at Cupid's dart:

But when, disgusted with her art,
The swain gives o'er pursuit,
'Tis then too late; she feels the smart
And owns the pain acute.

But thou! whose tranquilizing power
Can soothe the troubled breast,
Embitter'st not the social hour,
With satires poignant jest.

Thou own'st the power to mitigate,
The rankling cares of life,
To soften the decrees of fate,
And calm the passions' strife.

If on thy votary fate should frown
And cloud his opening view;
Place on his brows her thorny crown
And prove his dreams untrue.

Come and bestow thy influence here
And reign within my breast,
Nor rising doubt, nor jealous fears,
Shall thy repose molest.

Here, till the close of life, remain
To cheer my secret soul,
To break despair's distressful chain,
And care's dread power controul.

PHILO-AMICUS.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

*To the Editors.*

I congratulated myself at the close of my last, that I should not have been under the painful necessity of resuming the same subject again, as I was apprehensive that any further discussion of it would not be agreeable to your readers. But as CLIO imagines he has completely *routed the foundation* of all the arguments I have hitherto advanced, and established his own position on its ruins, it becomes me to defend my former position. I cannot persuade myself to think his arguments either conclusive or forcible, I therefore conceive it to be at least adviseable, to offer a few remarks and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. It was not my expectation or desire, upon writing my first essay, to give rise to any contest; neither would I sit down to argument with the illiberal or vindictive. But CLIO reasons coolly though somewhat *sophistically*. It occurred to me on reading his last essay, as it did on perusing his first, what is his object? what does he wish to prove? or what position does he mean to establish? does he wish to make it appear that "*all* our ideas are received through the medium of the senses?" this is the original position advanced by the DREAMER, which I conceive to be incompatible with the christian religion. For this cause and no other, I merely wished to excite his attention to the consequence resulting from the adoption of such a maxim, without the most distant apprehension of enlarging on the subject. But since CLIO has seen proper to contest my opinions, he should have kept to the point, the introduction of our ideas, and not branched out into those questions which were occasionally introduced into the argument. I am aware that in giving my opinion respecting the knowledge of the Deity, I did not follow the doctrine of the celebrated Locke. He says "that God has given us no intuitive knowledge of *himself*:" I do not think so, but I do not mean to support an argument on this point. Reasoning upon the Deity himself never was agreeable to me: I simply expressed my opinion, and I trust CLIO will not think it necessary to bring this subject into view again, when he considers that in Locke's essay on the knowledge of a God, it is canvassed at length; and if the arguments there advanced are not sufficient to convince his opponent, it will not be easy for him to accomplish it. I am not about to deny that the reasonings of Locke are very acute, and in many cases invincible. But I am not under the necessity of admitting all his maxims; because in most cases, he reasons well. I have always been accustomed to examine for myself, and to ground my belief upon the result of my own enquiry. It behoves every person who has founded his opinion upon "rational conviction," and who, after strict enquiry, has come to a satisfactory conclusion, not to change until stronger evidence should appear in opposition to it, than that which induced his decision. It was in conformity to these principles, that I avowed in my last, that until I could be convinced of the *disadvantage*, or *falacy* of my opinions, I should think myself justifiable in maintaining them. This is what CLIO considers a slimsy support of the rectitude of my assertions. It was not meant as a support; it was not my intention to advance any argument in support of that point upon which he hinges, the knowledge of a God, it was merely the terms upon which I would relinquish it, as I deemed it improper and *unlogical* to discard an opinion I had adopted upon mature deliberation, until I saw the superior claim to truth, and *utility* of that which was to be substituted in its place. I acknowledge that our ideas of things as they appear in the visible creation, and our knowledge of Nature, Science, and Philosophy, "are acquired by sensation and reflection," and I never denied it. But I am one of those "old fashioned beings" who believe in the "sublime and mysterious subject of revelation," and I consider it a very simple thing and easily understood. What I mean by it is not any miraculous interference of the Deity, but that certain intuitive knowledge which every man has of his duty communicated by a certain principle which acts immediately upon the soul; an impression which conveys its own evidence, and convinces the understanding without the aid of reason. Here CLIO supposes he has shown an inconsistency in my last, in using "principle and impression as synonymous terms." They were not used to convey the same idea. It is the principle that makes the impression; one is the cause, the other the effect. I think he might have found better employment than noticing such punctilious niceties of expression, where the meaning could not easily be mistaken. But the wonderful argument he has used, to shew the falacy of this opinion, respecting the understanding being convinced without the aid of reason, I shall take the liberty of quoting as a curiosity, especially from a *profound a metaphysician*. "Should any one tell him that without wings he could fly to the moon, LOGICUS would perfectly understand what was said, but would his reason suffer him to assent to it?" I would understand what was said, but my understanding would not be convinced that thing was practicable; on the contrary, my reason assures me it is impossible, But had the case been so plain and evident as to have convinced the understanding of the fact there had been no need of reason. For reason is used for *this* purpose, to convince

he understanding. But when that is accomplished before reason is brought into action, the necessity of it is superceded. Had CLIO penetrated the superfices and discovered the difference between understanding an assertion, and the understanding's being convinced of the truth of said assertion, he had saved me the trouble of entering into an explanation.

The whole subject in dispute, may be comprised in these two questions. On every other subject which has been brought into view, I apprehend we are nearly of the same opinion; and I am not right sure we disagree in these. First, Is there such a thing as Revelation in the sense I have used it? If CLIO denies it I would not contend with him. I shall not undertake to prove it, nor avail myself of the many incontestible arguments which might be adduced to prove the necessity of it, the impossibility of man's being able to regulate his steps on this all-important subject of religion, which is absolutely necessary to our *present* as well, as *future* happiness without such a guide; but shall take it for granted that there is such a thing; and if CLIO denies it, I shall not envy him the high satisfaction which such a belief affords. But if he acknowledges there is such a thing; then the whole subject will rest on this second question, to wit: Is the knowledge thus communicated, that is the knowledge of our duty, "received through the medium of the senses? in other words, is revelation received through that medium?" If he says it is not, then we are both of the same opinion. If he believes it is, he admits a position absurd in its nature. For the very meaning of a revelation implies something eternally communicated from the Deity. This is all I contend for. I do not wish to use this subject of revelation "as a weapon of controversy," neither have I attempted it; all I wish is, that we may not deny its existence. But in admitting this universal proposition, "all our ideas are received through the medium of the senses," we effectualy exclude the possibility of a revelation in any shape. It therefore only remains for CLIO to make it appear, that revelation is a communication through the senses; if he does not think himself competent to prove this, I think we could not serve our readers better than by letting the matter rest about where we found it: each enjoying his own opinion.

The limits of this essay will not admit of a definite answer to the last clause of CLIO's communication; I shall only observe that though we may reason about religion, yet this does not prove that reason is its foundation or support. This would be contrary to nature. Religion is no more supported by, or deduced from a train of sylagisms, than love or friendship is. It is the effect of a principle acting upon the feelings or affections. Otherwise it would be a cold mechanical system indeed, utterly disqualified to administer that consolation, and to produce those beneficial effects which necessarily result from a conformity to its precepts.

LOGICUS.

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*To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.*

I am one of those, who have for a long time past had their attention engaged in search of a comfortable place of residence, at a distance from that which it is my present lot to inhabit, hoping that I should discover one, either by the information of those who had travelled, by my reading, or by some internal sagacity sufficient to satisfy myself that it would prove accordant to my wishes.

I have a pretty large family of children, and desirous of settling them in the world before I leave it, it would be agreeable to procure each a good farm with a snug house and barn upon it, and to render them quite correspondent to my wishes, they should be in my immediate neighbourhood, that I might visit my children easily when I become old, and they are settled on them; they ought also to be in pretty good order, and have a tolerable stock when put into their hands.

It has also been my wish to educate my children well; that is, to teach them to read, write, and cast accounts. But as the favourite object has been to "settle them well in the world," I have found it difficult to make one completely tally with the other; for instance, to obtain the farms I have been obliged to attend very closely to the one I live on, that it may produce the requisite funds; consequently all my attention has been in this way, to sell the produce and take care of the money arising from it. I could therefore spare little time to see to the education of my family, and still less could I spare the money for their cultivation which I had so hardly acquired, as it would counteract my grand project of buying the farms. In this way I have succeeded in obtaining four good plantations; but I am in want of two more, which are not to be had where I wish them, unless the present owners should die, and the heirs choose to sell, or they run in debt and the Sheriff sell for them; either of which events I have sometimes almost desired.

Another object near my heart, is the marrying my children well, and I concluded a farm a piece would have a favorable influence in that way; and I could have no doubt but their expectations would assure them a favorable reception any where, and among any young, or indeed more elderly people; as it appeared a reasonable thing to me, that a young couple should prefer a good settlement in the world to any other consideration, and as for the older ones, I knew from my own feelings and the conversation of my neighbours, that the possession of land was to be preferred to all other considerations.

But would you believe it, Mr. Editors, I am like to be disappointed in all my well laid plans. My eldest son Bill, on whom I had built great expectations as a hard working, saving young man, died of a pleuretic complaint he took in going to Philadelphia market. My next son Sam is fond of dress and shew, and as he knows his father is "a saving old prig," he is determined to "spend some of his spare cash," and has lately got a gig and fine horse, and run me in debt for them. This I would not mind much, as it is possible he may get some young woman with a fortune by his genteel appearance, and the reputation of his father being a "warm old fellow;" but a mischievous effect arising from this gig is, that my daughters Bets and Sally, who are now old enough to look about themselves, are continually planning some visit, or bringing some company to the house; so that this villainous gig is like to spoil all my projects; the introduction of fine girls, and fine young fellows into the house, has gradually introduced a different mode of living; where we used to breakfast on milk and rye bread, we have coffee and bread and butter, &c. and fine clothes must keep pace with fine living, as I should be ashamed to see my children dress in a manner unbecoming the company that frequents the house, (and indeed I cannot resist it if I would:) from these circumstances, another has arisen very grating indeed to me:—My poor son William, used to attend market very faithfully twice a week, with every article we could spare; the money obtained in this way, I laid by very carefully, not to be touched, but to buy the farms; as I obliged my family to make their own cloathing, and the smith and shoemaker I paid in grain or po-

tatoes. But now my butter is eaten at home, my oats by other peoples' horſes, and a large proportion of what goes to market, comes home in ſilk, broadcloth, tea, ſugar, coffee, and ſome ſuch nonſenſe; and to add to my mortificatſon, my children, that are grown up, are determined not to follow this "low way," ſo that either myſelf or wife, muſt plod to market through all weathers, or the productions of my farm be eaten at home; and we are now advancing in years, and the work ſets harder on us, ſo that I am almoſt ready ſometimes to ſubmit to our fate, and let all go in this waſteful way; only I conſider that if we conſume all in the houſe, as we muſt have clothes and fineries, and the ſhoemaker and blackſmith muſt be paid, I muſt either continue on in the old track, or ſell one of my farms; as this would be a grating thing after having toiled ſo hard to procure them, I am determined while I am able to reſiſt the torrent; and this keeps my noſe to the grindſtone perpetually, and my poor wife is ſometimes ſo fatigued, that ſhe can ſcarce ſtir about.

To add to my mortification, I will tell you another incident that has hurt me prodigiouſly: one day ſome ſmart young people came to the houſe, and as it began to rain ſoon after they arrived, inſtead of walking or riding as they intended, they wanted amuſement in doors, and enquired for books, but none were to be found; this led to the enquiry whether we ever read any thing; my children could anſwer nothing, for as I had been too much engaged to attend to their education, and my farms had demanded all my money, they had not been ſent to ſchool. The ſtrangers were therefore obliged to converſe with one another; and happening to notice the tranſactions in Europe, one of them mentioned that Bonaparte would probably annex the ſtates of Holland to his empire; "What do you mean by that," ſays my gentleman Sam, "I hope we ſhall never ſee that fellow ſo near a neighbour to us; for if he gets the Holland company's land, he'll ſoon have daddy's farms;" a loud burſt of laughter followed from the ſtrangers, while my children were aſtoniſhed that they could enjoy themſelves when ſo ſerious an evil threatened the family; for my part I was obliged to leave the room, and an axe ſtanding firſt at the door, the firſt thought that occurred, was to take it and maſh the deteſtable gig to pieces, which had introduced ſuch derangement into my affairs, and mortification into my heart; but I checked myſelf, by reflecting before I got to the barn, that the poor gig was innocent of the crime, and that Sam might have let ſuch converſation alone: however, it ſtuck by me, and often as I have ridden to market, while my children were abed, I have thought it might have been better to have learned them to read, at any rate, and then they could have taken the newſpapers, and ſaved me this mortification; but the expence would have interfered with the purchaſe of my farms; and now it is too late, as my ſon John, and my daughters Peggy, and Caty, are rather too old to learn; ſo that it ſeems there is no better way, than to go on in the ſame path.

I had almoſt forgot to ſay any thing about our religion; and indeed the leaſt ſaid on this ſubject, is the ſooneſt mended;—we have been too much occupied to think much about it, and I have my doubts as to the neceſſity of thinking at all. This much I know, I am here, whether I ſhall exiſt afterward, I know not; and if I did, how am I to know what qualifications will be wanted in that life:—this I can ſay nothing about, but rather ſuppoſe, what makes a man reſpectable here, may inſure him reſpect always; and I have no doubt, but my neighbours think very well of me, for they wiſhed me to be put in the Aſſembly, or to be a Juſtice of the Peace, but I have no time to attend to thoſe things.

Notwithſtanding this reſpect, I muſt certainly remove my habitation, or be worn out from the extravagance of my children, and have therefore a mind to go over the Allegany, as they ſay it is a fine country; and if I was once fixed there, I think the gig would be of no ſervice among the woods. And was I to ſell the four farms I have here, I think I could buy ſix there, and ſtock them pretty well: now what is your opinion, Mr. Editors of this plan, can you tell me if it will ſucceed; and I will be obliged to you. I have not yet ſaid any thing about it to my children.

Yours,

JACOB WORRIED.

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*For the Evening Fire-ſide.*

"But where to find this happieſt ſpot below,
Who can pretend, tho' all deſire to know:
The ſhuddering tenant of the frigid Zone,
Boldly proclaims that happieſt ſpot his own;
Extols the pleaſure's of his ſtormy ſeas,
And his long nights of indolence and eaſe,
The naked negroes basking at the line,
Boaſts of his golden ſuns, and palmy wine;
Baſks in the glare and ſtems the topid wave,
And thanks *his* God's for all the goods they gave."

This certainly is an enquiry of great importance, "where is happineſs to be found:" ſome ſeek it in a round of diſſipation; one in good eating, a fine carriage, dreſs, houſe or farm: let me tell you a ſtory—"a friend of mine, a farmer, in poſſeſſion of an excellent tract of land, laid a wiſtful eye on an adjacent one belonging to his neighbour, and ſays, no doubt with approbation, that the courſe he was purſuing would ſoon compel him to ſell, when he ſhould be the purchaſer:" during the time, he was racked with an impatience to poſſeſs his neighbour's goods, that neighbour paid the debt we all owe, and his heirs being of a ſimilar proging diſpoſition with my friend, fairly excluded him the poſſeſſion of what he had ſet his heart upon. Tortured with diſappointment, inſtead of calming his mind with the duties of religion, the ſabbath found him rambling he knew not whither in ſearch of, he knew not what; in the courſe of his walk, he unexpectedly opened on a negro cabbin. It was exceeding warm, Pompey had made himſelf a bower of green buſhes over his door, and was ſetting under it, dreſſed in a clean but coarſe ſhirt and trowſers, barefoot; he had one little pig, to this animal (his maſter's pet) he was diſtributing a few ſcanty grains of corn, and while the cool breeze from the neighbouring wood lightly bruſhed his boſom, a placed ſmile played on his face, that chid the care-worn countenance of my unhappy friend. Pauſing a few minutes (unſeen) to contemplate the expreſſion of happineſs before him, my friend ſaluted Pompey; "well Pompey, how do to-day?" (Pompey laid down his ear of corn, and without moving his ſeat, took up his cane, and began to deſcribe figures of no moment on the duſt, by his feet) "very well maſſa;" "where's the old woman, Pompey?" "gone to meeting maſſa," (my friend felt it) "we have none body to take care of the houſe maſſa, ſo wife and I agreed, ſhe ſhould go to meeting one Sunday, and I another, and this is her day;" "very well Pompey, what do you go to meeting for?" "go meeting for, maſſa? Why bleſs God beſure." "Why Pompey, it is true you are free, but you have no land—no houſe." "Ah! maſſa, but I have ſtrong arms, and them find me all I want: I work for maſſa, maſſa gives me corn and bacon, another maſſa build me houſe, my arms pay rent:—who give me theſe arms—who make me ſtrong? Oh maſſa you no know dis, tis no myſelf, I ſure." Convicted and convinced, my friend turned homeward; his mind lightened of a whole plantation. Content with the goods of heaven, he has not ſince endeavoured to

ſearch conſolation from the miſconduct of others; ſatisfied that happineſs is not the product of any particular ſpot of earth, nor depends on any external circumſtance. My friend is now ſeeking it where alone it can be found, in a certain degree of abſtraction from the cumbering cares of time, and the acquiſition of thoſe diſpoſitions of mind, which will not only make the baſis of true enjoyment here, but of happineſs hereafter.

"Ah where is peace, for thou its paths hast trod?
In poverty, retirement, and with God."

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*Selected for the Evening Fire-side.*

When ſmiling Fortune ſpreads her golden ray,
All crowd around to flatter and obey:
But when the thunders from an angry ſky,
Our friends, our flatterers, our lovers, fly.

Miss A. W.

MELISSA TO THE RAMBLER.

Sir,

The diligence with which you endeavour to cultivate the knowledge of nature, manners, and life, will perhaps incline you to pay ſome regard to the obſervations of one who has been taught to know mankind by unwelcome information, and whoſe opinions are the reſult, not of ſolitary conjectures, but of practice and experience.

I was born to a large fortune, and bred to the knowledge of thoſe arts which are ſuppoſed to accompliſh the mind and adorn the perſon of a woman. To theſe attainments, which cuſtom and education almoſt forced upon me, I added ſome voluntary acquiſitions by the uſe of books, and the converſation of that ſpecies of men whom the ladies generally mention with terror and averſion, under the name of Scholars, but whom I have found a harmleſs and inoffenſive order of beings, not ſo much wiſer than ourſelves, but that they may receive as well as communicate knowledge; and more inclined to degrade their own character by cowardly ſubmiſſion, than to overbear or oppreſs us with their learning or their wit.

From theſe men, however, if they are by kind treatment encouraged to talk, ſomething may be gained, which, embelliſhed with elegance and ſoftened by modeſty, will always add dignity and value to female converſation; and from my acquaintance with the bookiſh part of the world I derived many principles of judgment and maxims of prudence, by which I was enabled to draw upon myſelf the general regard in every place of concourſe or pleaſure. My opinion was the great rule of approbation, my remarks were remembered by thoſe who deſired the ſecond degree of fame, my mien was ſtudied, my dreſs was imitated, my letters were handed from one family to another, and read by thoſe who copied them as ſent to themſelves; my viſits were ſolicited as honours; and multitudes boaſted of an intimacy with Meliſſa, who had only ſeen me by accident, and whoſe familiarity had never proceeded beyond the exchange of a compliment, or return of a courteſy.

I ſhall make no ſcruple of confeſſing that I was pleaſed with this univerſal veneration, becauſe I always conſidered it as paid to my intrinſic qualities and inſeparable merit, and very eaſily perſuaded myſelf that fortune had no part in my ſuperiority. When I looked upon my glaſs I ſaw youth and beauty, with health that might give me reaſon to hope their continuance; when I examined my mind, I found ſome ſtrength of judgment and fertility of fancy; and was told that every action was grace, and that every accent was perſuaſion.

In this manner my life paſſed like a continual triumph amidſt acclamations, and envy, and courtſhip, and careſſes: to pleaſe Meliſſa was the general ambition; and every ſtratagem of artful flattery was practiſed upon me. To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praiſes are not believed by thoſe who pronounce them; for they prove, at leaſt, our power, and ſhow that our favour is valued, ſince it is purchaſed by the meanneſs of falſehood. But, perhaps, the flatterer is not often detected, for an honeſt mind is not apt to ſuſpect; and no one exerts the power of diſcernment with much vigour when ſelf-love favours the deceit.

The number of adorers, and the perpetual diſtraction of my thoughts by new ſchemes of pleaſure, prevented me from liſtening to any of thoſe who crowd in multitudes to give girls advice, and kept me unmarried and unengaged to my twenty-ſeventh year, when, as I was towering in all the pride of unconteſted excellency, with a face yet little impaired, and a mind hourly improving, the failure of a fund in which my money was placed, reduced me to a frugal competency, which allowed little beyond neatneſs and independence.

I bore the diminution of my riches without any outrages of ſorrow, or puſillanimity of dejection. Indeed, I did not know how much I had loſt, for, having always heard and thought more of my wit and beauty than of my fortune, it did not ſuddenly enter my imagination that Meliſſa could ſink beneath her eſtabliſhed rank, while her form and her mind continued the ſame; that ſhe could ceaſe to raiſe admiration but by ceaſing to deſerve it, or feel any ſtroke but from the hand of time.

It was in my power to have concealed the loſs, and to have married, by continuing the ſame appearance, with all the credit of my original fortune; but I was not ſo far ſunk in my own eſteem as to ſubmit to the baſeneſs of fraud, or to deſire any other recommendation than ſenſe and virtue. I therefore diſmiſſed my equipage, ſold thoſe ornaments which were become unſuitable to my new condition, and appeared among thoſe with whom I uſed to converſe with leſs glitter, but with equal ſpirit.

I found myſelf received at every viſit, with ſorrow beyond what is naturally felt for calamities in which we have no part, and was entertained with condolence and conſolation, ſo frequently repeated, that my friends plainly conſulted rather their own gratification than my relief. Some from that time refuſed my acquaintance, and forbore, without any provocation, to repay my viſits; ſome viſited me, but after a longer interval than uſual, and every return was ſtill with more delay; nor did any of my female acquaintances fail to introduce the mention of my misfortunes, to compare my preſent and former condition, to tell me how much it muſt trouble me to want the ſplendour which I became ſo well, to look at pleaſures which I had formerly enjoyed, and to ſink to a level with thoſe by whom I had been conſidered as moving in a higher ſphere, and who had hitherto approached me with reverence and ſubmiſſion, which I was now no longer to expect.

Obſervations like theſe are commonly nothing better than covert inſults, which ſerve to give vent to the flatulence of pride, but they are now and then imprudently uttered by honeſty and benevolence, and inflict pain where kindneſs is intended; I will, therefore, ſo far maintain my antiquated claim to politeneſs, as to venture the eſtabliſhment of this rule, that no one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the ſufferer does not complain, and which there are no means propoſed of alleviating. You have no right to exerciſe thoughts which neceſſarily give pain whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived but by abſurd and unſeaſonable compaſſion.

My endleſs train of lovers immediately withdrew, without raiſing any emotions.

The greater part had indeed always profeſſed to court, as it is termed, upon the ſquare, had enquired my fortune, and offered ſettlements; theſe had undoubtedly a right to retire without cenſure, ſince they had openly treated for money, as neceſſary to their happineſs, and who can tell how little they wanted any other portion? I have always thought the clamours of women unreaſonable, who imagine themſelves injured, becauſe the men who followed them upon the ſuppoſition of a greater fortune, reject them when they are diſcovered to have leſs. I have never known any body who did not think wealth a title to ſome ſtipulations in her favour; and ſurely what is claimed by the poſſeſſion of money, is juſtly forfeited by its loſs. She that has once demanded a ſettlement, has allowed the importance of fortune; and when ſhe cannot ſhow pecuniary merit, why ſhould ſhe think her cheapener obliged to purchaſe?

My lovers were not all contented with ſilent deſertion. Some of them revenged the neglect they had formerly endured, by wanton and ſuperfluous inſults, and endeavoured to mortify me, by paying, in my preſence, thoſe civilities to other ladies, which were once devoted only to me. But, as it had been my rule to treat men according to the rank of their intellect, I had never ſuffered any one to waſte his life in ſuſpenſe, who could have employed it to better purpoſe, and had therefore no enemies but coxcombs, whoſe reſentment and reſpect were equally below my conſideration.

The only pain which I have felt from degradation, is the loſs of that influence which I had always exerted on the ſide of virtue, in the defence of innocence, and the aſſertion of truth. I now find my opinions ſlighted, my ſentiments criticiſed, and my arguments oppoſed by thoſe that uſed to liſten to me without reply, and ſtruggle to be firſt in expreſſing their conviction.

The female diſputants have wholly thrown off my authority; and if I endeavour to enforce my reaſons by an appeal to the ſcholars that happen to be preſent, the wretches are certain to pay their court by ſacrificing me and my ſyſtem to a finer gown, and I am every hour inſulted with contradiction by cowards, who could never find till lately that Meliſſa was liable to error.

There are two perſons only whom I cannot charge with having changed their conduct with my change of fortune. One is an old curate that has paſſed his life in the duties of his profeſſion, with great reputation for his knowledge and piety; the other is a lieutenant of dragoons. The parſon made no difficulty in the height of my elevation to check me when I was pert, and inſtruct me when I blundered: and if there is any alteration, he is now more timorous leſt his freedom ſhould be thought rudeneſs. The ſoldier never paid me any particular addreſſes, but very rigidly obſerved all the rules of politeneſs, which he is now ſo far from relaxing, that whenever he ſerves the tea, he obſtinately carries me the firſt diſh, in defiance of the frowns and whiſpers of the table.

This, Mr. Rambler, is *to ſee the world.* It is impoſſible for thoſe who have only known affluence and proſperity, to judge rightly of themſelves or others. The rich and the powerful, live in a perpetual maſquerade, in which all about them wear borrowed characters; and we can only diſcover in what eſtimation we are held, when we can no longer give hopes or fears.—I am, &c.

MELISSA.

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SPRING.

Teeming with Nature's living fires,
I bid thee welcome, genial Spring.
While fancy wakes her thouſand lyres,
And woods and vales reſponſive ſing.

She comes—lo! Winter ſcowls away:
Harmonious forms ſtart forth to view;
Nymphs tripping light in circles gay,
Deck'd in their robes of virgin hue.

Then I,* on am'rous ſportings bent,
Like a ſly archer take my ſtand;
Wide thro' the world my ſhafts are ſent,
And every creature owns my hand.

First man, the lord of all below,
A captive ſinks beneath my dart;
And lovely woman, fram'd to glow,
Yields the dominion of her heart!

Thro' ſea and earth, and boundleſs ſky,
The fond ſubjection all muſt prove,
Whether they ſwim the ſtream, or fly,
Or mountain, vale, or foreſt rove.

Nor leſs the garden's ſweet domain,
The moſſy heath, and verdant mead,
The tow'ring hill, the level plain,
And fields, with blooming life o'erſpread.

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*Deſcription of the Great Wall in China.*

This ſtupendous monument of human art and induſtry exceeds every thing that we read of in ancient hiſtory. The pyramids of Egypt are little, when compared with a wall which covers three large provinces, ſtretches along an extent of fifteen hundred miles, and is of ſuch an enormous thickneſs, that ſix horſemen may eaſily ride abreaſt upon it. It is flanked with towers, two bow-ſhots diſtant one from the other, which add to its ſtrength, and render it much eaſier to be defended. One third part of the able bodied men of China were employed in conſtructing this wall, and the workmen were ordered, under pain of death, to place the materials of which it is compoſed ſo cloſely, that the leaſt entrance might not be left for any inſtrument of iron. This precaution contributed much to the ſolidity of the work, which is ſtill in a great meaſure entire, though built two thouſand years ago. This celebrated wall is not only carried through the low lands and valleys, but alſo over hills, and up the ſteep brows of the higheſt mountains. F. Verbieſt, who had the curioſity to take the altitude of one of thoſe upon which part of it was built, found that it was one thouſand and thirty-ſix feet above the level of the ſpot upon which he ſtood. The execution of this work, therefore, muſt have coſt immenſe labour, ſince it was often neceſſary to tranſport the materials, of which it is conſtructed, through a deſert country, and to convey them to eminences inacceſſible to horſes or carriages. Father Martini, in his Chineſe Atlas, ſays that this wall begins at the Gulph of Leao-tong, and reaches to the mountains near the city of Kin, on the Yellow River; and that, between theſe two places, it meets with no interruption, except to the north of the city of Suen, in the province of Pe-tcheli, where it is intercepted by a bridge of hideous and inacceſſible mountains, to which it is cloſely united, and by the river Hoang-ho, which paſſes through it in its courſe to the ſea. He adds, that for other rivers of inferior ſize, arches have been conſtructed, like thoſe of a bridge, through which they find a paſſage. It has no kind of ſupport but what is uſually given to ordinary walls, and it is almoſt of the ſame form, not only where it ſtretches acroſs plains, which are very rare in that country, but even where it is carried over high mountains. An intelligent traveller, (Mr. Bell,) who, in 1719, accompanied Capt. Iſmailof in his embaſſy to Pe-kin, tells us, that it is carried acroſs rivers, and over the tops of the higheſt hills, without the leaſt interruption, keeping nearly along that circular ridge of barren rocks which incloſes the country; and, after running about twelve hundred miles, ends in impaſſable mountains and ſandy de-

* Love.

ſarts. According to his account, the foundation conſiſts of large blocks of ſquare ſtones laid in mortar; but all the reſt is conſtructed of brick. The whole is ſo ſtrong, and well built, that it ſcarcely needs any repairs, and, in ſuch a dry climate, may remain in the ſame condition for many ages. When carried over ſteep rocks, where no horſe can paſs, it is about fifteen or twenty feet high, and broad in proportion; but when running through a valley, or croſſing a river, you behold a ſtrong wall, about thirty feet high, with ſquare towers at certain intervals, and embraſures at equal diſtances. The top of the wall is flat, and paved with cut ſtone; and where it riſes over a rock or eminence, there is an aſcent by eaſy ſtone ſtairs. He adds—"This wall was begun and completely finiſhed in the ſhort ſpace of five years; and it is reported, the labourers ſtood ſo cloſe for many miles, that they could hand the materials from one to another. This I am the more inclined to believe, as the rugged rocks among which it is built muſt have prevented all uſe of carriages; and neither clay for making bricks, nor any kind of cement, could be found among them."—This barrier, ſince the re-union of the Tartars and Chineſe, is almoſt become uſeleſs.

*Selected for the Evening Fire-side.*

When straw-like errors lean to virtue's side,
Ah! check ye bigots, check your furious pride,
Some venial faults, from sordid nature's start,
And spring up only in the gen'rous heart;
As florid weeds elude the labourer's toil,
From too much warmth and richness of the soil;
While meaner souls, like Zembla's hills of snow,
Too barren prove for weeds or flowers to blow.

SYMPATHY.

*Drunkenneſs reproved by a beaſt.*

The late Rev. Reece Pritchard of Wales, was for ſome time after his admiſſion into the church awfully enſnared by the ſin of drunkenneſs, but was at length recovered from it in the following ſingular way:—He had a tame goat which was wont to follow him to the ale-houſe which he frequented, and one day by way of frolic, he gave the poor animal ſo much ale, that it became intoxicated. What particularly ſtruck Mr. Pritchard was, that from that time, though the creature would follow him to the door, it never could get it to enter the houſe.—Revolving on this circumſtance in his mind Mr. Pritchard was led to ſee how much the ſin by which he had been enſlaved had ſunk him beneath a beaſt; and he not only became a ſober man from that time, but through the riches of Divine grace an exemplary chriſtian and a very ſucceſsful miniſter of the goſpel.

Mr. Pritchard was the author of a well known and much admired book of Poems entitled "the Welſhman's Candle."

[*Baptiſt Regiſter.*]

CRITICISM.

The famous Boccalini, in his Advertiſements from Parnaſſus, tells, "a critic preſenting Apollo with a very ſevere cenſure upon an excellent poem, was aſked for the good things in that work; but the wretch anſwering, he minded only the errors, Apollo ordered a ſack of unwinnowed wheat to be brought, and the critic to pick out and take all the chaff for his pains."

*SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.*

FOREIGN.—The ſhip Fanny, Taylor, in twenty-five days from Glasgow, has arrived at New-York, and brought Greenock papers to the 3d inſt. containing London advices to the 29th ult. and Paris dates to the 21st.—The moſt important event is the proſpect of a rupture between Auſtria and France, the latter having already violated the treaty of Petersburg. The following paragraph, alluding to the circumſtance, is taken from the French official Expoſe of April 19th.

Dalmatia is occupied by the French army. It is ſeperated from the mouth of the Cattaro by the Republic of Ragusa: the country is mountaineous, and the roads are bad. The French troops have arrived at Ragusa, when the fort of Caſtle Nuovo was delivered to 300 Ruſſians by Gen. Brady, who commanded 2000 Auſtrians. This General, whoſe anceſtors were Engliſh, has been wanting in reſpect to France, and has betrayed his Maſter. Upon receiving this information, Marſhal Berthier gave orders that Brannau, which defends the frontier of the Inn, and which was to have been given up on the firſt of April, ſhould not be reſtored, and ſhould be again garriſoned. The diviſion of the grand army which was on its way to France, has halted.

The priſoners of war that were to have been ſent back to Germany, have been detained, until further orders, in the places at which they were.

A ſerious miſunderſtanding has ariſen between the French and Pruſſians in Weſtphalia, particularly at Warden and Eſſen.

The French had taken poſſeſſion of thoſe places, and pulled down the Pruſſian arms, ſubſtituting thoſe of France in their ſtead.—The Pruſſian Municipalities remonſtrated in vain, until a Pruſſian corps arrived, forcibly re-occupied the towns, and taking down the French arms, replaced the Eagle of their ſovereign.

The recent movements of the French on the Auſtrian frontiers, and the reinforcement of their corps in Bavaria, have created much uneaſiness at Vienna. On the arrival of a courier from Berthier, the French Miniſter at Vienna communicated to the Imperial Cabinet the determination of his maſter to retain poſſeſſion of Branau, until the affairs of Dalmatia were adjuſted.

Prince Schwartzemberg, was immediately diſpatched to Paris, with a ſtrong remonſtrance on this violation of the treaty of Presburg.

The hoſtility of France towards Auſtria, which has recently manifeſted itſelf on numerous occaſions, was lately inſultingly expreſſed towards the Imperial Miniſter Count Stetenheim. The Count, on his return from Paris, whither he had been ſent on a ſpecial miſſion, ſtopped at Munich; but on the following morning he received orders from the Batavian Government, for his immediate departure; and an adjutant of General Berthier attended to ſee the order enforced.

It was the General opinion in Holland, that the peace with Auſtria will be of ſhort duration. France ſeems deſirous to ſtrike a blow, before the extenſive military arrangements now carrying on under the orders of the Archduke Charles can be organized; and it is certain, that the unceaſing accumulation of Ruſſian troops on the Auſtrian frontiers is the occaſion of the moſt ſerious ſolicitude to Bonaparte.

LONDON, April 28.—We learn from Conſtantinople, that the Turkiſh troops upon the Ruſſian frontiers are conſiderably increaſing, which, with other circumſtances, has induced M. Italinſki, the Ruſſian Miniſter, to demand explanations relative to theſe preparations and that he was informed by the Reis Effendi, that ſuch preparations were neceſſary for reſtoring and preſerving peace in the interior of the Turkiſh empire. A conſiderable Turkiſh fleet is fitting out.

The promiſes and threats of France and Pruſſia to induce Denmark to aſſiſt in excluding our flag from the Baltic, have been hitherto unavailing—the Daniſh Miniſtry inſiſt on a rigid neutrality; and it is probable that ſhe will ſucceed in maintaining it.

There was a report on Saturday that Gen. Mack had been convicted of high treaſon, and condemned to ſuffer the pain of death.

PETERSBURGH, April 4.—The Gazette of this city contains the following article, dated Carlobago, March 23:

"We yeſterday received poſitive intelligence of the occupation of Cattaro, and a part

of Dalmatia, by the Russian troops. The Montegrins had at first taken possession of some villages, and had agreed with the inhabitants to defend the entrance of the country against the French till the arrival of the Russians. Six Russian ships and 20,000 troops soon after arrived. The necessary preparations were then made for a vigorous opposition to any attack on the part of the French. All the passages by which they could enter were fortified, and filled with troops and artillery in such a manner that it appeared almost impossible to force them.

"The number of the combined troops is said to amount to 20,000. They are defended by the nature of the ground, and have provisions for a long time. No Frenchmen have yetappeared in these environs, and we are assured that they do not extend beyond Macarso.

"According to other accounts, the Montenegrins have risen in a mass to stop the efforts of the French, and we are assured that the Turks of the country have joined them and the Russians."

VENICE, April 2.—The Russians and English have blockaded this port twelve days past, and suffer no vessel to enter in or go out. The harbour is full of Venetian vessels, whose inactivity causes the greatest detriment to our commerce. Trieste profits, and is enriched by this, because its vessels sail under the Austrian flag, which is neutral.

It is apprehended, not without foundation, that if the war continues, the Russians and English will blockade all the ports of Italy.

Captain Brown, from La Vera Cruz, informs, that the shock of an earthquake, which threw down a church and killed several hundred people, was felt there about the middle of April, at the distance of ninety miles from the city.

Capt. Wadsworth, arrived at New-York the 28th inst. informs, that the day he sailed, a dispatch boat arrived there from Porto Cavello, with news of one of Miranda's schooners having been captured on the Spanish coast, on her passage from Aruba with the Leander and another schooner, and several of the crew were killed in the engagement, which was desperately fought. Captain W. confirms the news of Miranda's having stopped 12 days at Aruba.

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DOMESTIC.—Wm. Pinkney, the present attorney-general of the state of Maryland, has taken his passage from Baltimore, with his family, in the Diana, bound to Liverpool, as Minister extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the court of London.

*Information to Travellers.*—A new road is contemplated from Angelica to the forks of the Olean, (about seven miles above its confluence with the Allegany) which will be some miles shorter than that by Mount Moreau. The distance from Angelica by Mount Moreau to the mouth of the Olean, is 34 miles.

Travellers from the greater part of New-England, going to the Ohio or Mississippi countries, save near 106 miles land carriage by taking water at the mouth of the Olean, instead of at Pittsburg, as formerly. The navigation of Allegany river is remarkably good; a boat of about sixteen tons burthen belongs to a settlement on a branch which falls into the Allegany, six miles above the mouth of the Olean. There are two routes from the eastward towards this place, which come together east of Angelica. One from Albany by the Great Western Turnpike, to Canandaigua; then by Pitstown, Danville, &c. The other from Catskill, by the Susquehannah Turnpike, to Jericho, then by Chenango, Owego, Newtown Point, &c.—It is conjectured that the turnpike to be extended from Bath by Angelica to Lake Erie, must touch at or near the mouth of the Olean. A road is also begun from near Genesee, which will fall in at or near Mount Moreau. Another from Batavia falls into that from Genesee, in the 6th township, 2d range—so that there will be roads from many different quarters to the mouth of the Olean, where a town is to be laid off, which from its position, must become a place of great trade.

[*Ontario Repository.*]

Extract of a letter from a gentleman residing at Vincennes, Indiana Territory, to the Editor of the Western American, dated April 15th, 1806.

"The governor has just been officially informed that the Delaware Indians have burnt several individuals of their nation, and condemned several others to undergo the same fate. A prophet it seems appeared among them, who told them that he had seen the Great Spirit, who commanded him to tell the Indians that it was his will they should destroy all those who drink spiritous liquors, or keep bad medicines about them. In consequence of these orders from above, they began by burning the great chief of the nation himself, and are continuing the pious work with as much devotion as the council of conscience felt when they condemned to the flames John Huss and Jerome of Prague.—The Governor is about sending a special message to try and pacify them."

We heard yesterday, that the Chesapeake was unrigging at the Navy-yard in Washington: she cannot therefore be intended for the protection of our coast and harbours, as intimated the 21st inst.

[*Wash. Fed.*]

A rumour was afloat yesterday, of intelligence having reached Baltimore, that his Imperial and Royal Majesty of France and Italy, Bonaparte, had commanded the government of the United States to interdict all commerce between G. Britain and the said States. We do not know whether there are any grounds for such a report; but we are among those who think such a demand neither so far distant nor improbable as some might imagine.

[*Ibid.*]

Capt. Gildea, of the Beaver, arrived here yesterday from Cape Francois, and informs that Capt. Budden, of the brig Rover, of this port, having a dispute with his mate, one M'Gill, who used some insolent language, gave him a slight blow with his hand, and ordered him forward. Shortly after, Capt. B. having occasion to go forward, M'Gill took the opportunity, and knocked him down. The blow was fatal: Capt. B. never spoke afterwards—he died in about 48 hours. M'Gill was arrested, and confined in irons on board the schooner Mediator, Graves, of Baltimore. The remains of Capt. B. were interred at 5 P. M. on the 6th inst. in the burial ground at the Cape, attended by all the merchants, captains and supercargoes, and the colours half-masted by all the vessels in the harbour.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"H." in his address "to Matilda," displays a heart that is capable of beating high with poetic enthusiasm; but the style is too low for the perusal of so angelic a being as he describes her to be.

The communication signed T. P. N. might do to insert on the first of April, but not on the last of May.

The name of TIMTAMTIRELIRELETH we hereby insert, which is nearly half his communication.

After two weeks consideration, we think best to consign the second production of SALLY SOAPSUDS to the pigeon hole.

ANTIBACCANALIA we think not wholly destitute of merit, but owing to his prolixity and want of method we are likewise under the necessity of introducing him to the pigeon hole, hoping the next time he may appear he will be full fledged.

LUSSIMDAW, Dr. to postage, 10 cents.

Some selections received are intended for our next.

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